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Miscellanea Sacra,

Consisting of Three

Divine POEMS;

VIZ.

The Song of *Deborah*
and *Barak*.

The Lamentation of
David over *Saul*
and *Jonathan*.

The Prayer of *Solo-*
mon at the Dedic-
ation of the *Temple*.

WITH A

PROPOSAL for Publishing a large Col-
lection of the said Poems, never before printed,
in Two Volumes Octavo.

By Mr. E. TASWELL. R

Ἔκ Διὸς ἀρχαῖα — Hef.

LONDON:

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near *Stationers-Hall*. 1718.

[Given *Gratis* to the Subscribers.]



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T H E

P R E F A C E.

TH E Publishing these Three
small Poems as a Proposal
for a much greater Number,
puts me in Mind of a remarkable
Modern Author, who compares Per-
formances of this Nature to Knight-
errantry; where the Dwarf must al-
ways walk out first, only to let you know
that the Gyant is coming after him.
I must own, I am a little concern'd to
find, that though the First doth some-
times escape, the Latter is alway sure
to come off by the worst of it. I could

The PREFACE.

not help applying it to my self; and therefore thought it the best Way to beg the Protection of the World for my Productions before they came into it: This I dare affirm in their Behalf, that the Subject very well deserves it. Whatever Success the Poetry may meet with must be owing to the Candour and Good-nature of the Readers; and how small soever, cannot be less than I have already imagin'd; nor can any Reader have a meaner Opinion of these Poems than the Author bath himself.

PRO-

PROPOSALS

FOR Publishing the *Miscellanea Sacra*, or a
Collection of Divine Poems, in Heroick,
Pindarick, and Miltorick Verse, never before
printed: in Two Volumes, *Octavo*; with beautiful
Frontispieces.

I. Propofal.

That the Subscribers fhall pay for the whole
Five Shillings; half upon receiving thefe Propo-
fals, and the other half upon receiving the two Vo-
lumes compleat in Sheets.

II. Propofal.

That the faid Works fhall be printed in the fame
Letter, and upon the fame Paper with this Speci-
men, and fhall be delivered to the Subscribers by
the First of *December* next enfuing.

Subfcriptions are to be taken in for the Author,
by Mr. *Henry Clements* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*;
Mr. *Thomas Wooten*, at the *Three Daggers* in *Fleet-*
street:

street: At Myon's Coffee-House in Great Russel-
street, Bloomsbury: And by Mr. Clements, Book-
seller at Oxford: Where these Proposals may be
had *Gratis* to the Subscribers.

N. B. No more will be Printed than Subscribed
for: The Subscribers Names to be printed be-
fore the Book.

THE

THE
SONG
OF
DEBORAH
AND
BARAK.

ERRATA.

Title Page for *ἀρχαῖα* read *ἀρχαῖα*; Tit. Pag. f. Hes. r. Arat.
Proposals f. *Miltonick* r. *Miltonick*. p. 16. l. 13. f. *busy Damon* r. *the*
busy Damon. p. 22. l. 5. f. *mean* r. *moan*; l. 7. f. *Solismean* r. *Solymean*.
p. 15 l. 7. f. *Lord Anointed* r. *Lord's Anointed*.

THE
S O N G
O F
Deborah and Barak.
Judges, Chap. 5.

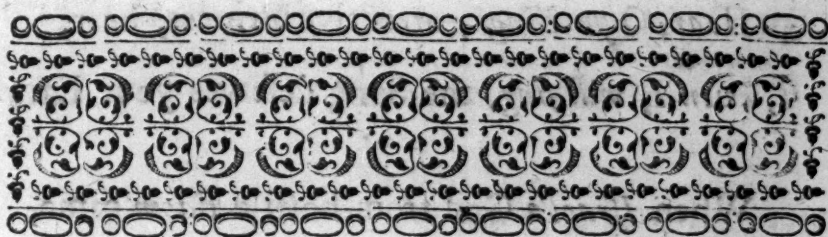
The ARGUMENT.

The Children of Israel, having done Evil in the Sight of the Lord, were for a long Time suffered to endure a most heavy Bondage under the Tyranny of Jabin, King of Canaan; the Captain of whose Hosts was Sisera. Until at Length Deborah, a Prophetess, being inspir'd by the Lord undertook their Delivery: and communicated her Design to Barak, a young valiant Prince of the Tribe of Naphtali, commanding him to appear at the Head of 10000 Men upon Mount Tabor.

B

Barak

Barak, at first, startled at so great an Enterprize, refuseth to go, unless Deborah accompany him: The Prophetess complies with his Request, assures him of a Victory, but tells him (as a Punishment for his Diffidence) that no Honour of the day shall belong to him: for that Sisera shall fall by the Hand of a Woman. Which Prophecy was accordingly fulfill'd: For Sisera finding all his Host discomfited, fled himself for Safety to the Tent of Jael the Wife of Heber the Kenite: there being a Peace between the Kenites and the Canaanites. Jael receiv'd him with all seeming Civilities, and Assurances of Protection; but watching an Opportunity when he was sleeping, she took a Nail belonging to the Tent, and with an Hammer struck it thro' his Temples. By this time Barak, who had been in pursuit of him, arrived there: Him too she invited in, and shew'd him the Body of his Enemy. Thus the Children of Israel prevail'd: And Deborah, with her victorious General, sang the following Hymn of Thanksgiving.



THE
SONG
OF
Deborah and Barak.



ET *Israel* now her grateful Trophies
raise,

Begin, ye Tribes, your great *Avengers*
Praise.

Sing him the *Lord of Hosts*, the Conqueror,

And raise his Altars on the Spoils of War.

Hear, O ye Kings, attentive Princes, hear,
 I, even I, will sing, the Song deserves your Ear.

When *Israel's* God from hostile *Edom* came,
 With his own Thunders arm'd, array'd in Flame :
 Trembled the Earth as o'er the Clouds he rode,
 The Clouds dissolv'd to Rain, and own'd th' incum-
 bent God.

Not so he march'd, as *erst* in *Shamgar's* Days,
 When Desolation stalk'd around your Ways.
 What Time your Shrines to Gentile Gods were
 rais'd,

And Incense strange on hostile Altars blaz'd.
 Then did the God of Battles raise his Hand,
 And in his Anger scourg'd the guilty Land :
 Forbad the Sword your Villages to spare,
 Arm'd every Plague, and gave a loose to War :
 Passive ye own'd a haughty Victor's Sway,
 And Shield and Spear were vilely cast away :

'Till

DEBORAH *and* BARAK. 5

'Till Deborah arose at Heav'n's Command,

'Till I arose to save the sinful Land.

Blest be their Names, the gen'rous few that joyn'd
To urge the happy Change by Heav'n design'd:
By Counsel, or by Action: Pen, or Sword:
Against the Mighty-Ones to help the Lord.

Why did'st thou, *Asser*, leave th' imbattled Plain,
To tempt the Dangers of the doubtful Main?
Why in inglorious Ease did *Gilead* lay,
Where *Jordan's* Streams in sweet *Meander's* Play?
Leave, *Reuben*, leave the Herd, and flow'ry Field,
Forake the Crook, and gird thee on the Shield.
Leave for a while thy bleating Flocks to hear,
When the loud Trumpet calls, and summons thee
to War.

Awake, awake, far loftier Thoughts inspire!
Son of Abinoam strike the sounding Lyre,

See

See from Megiddo to old *Kishon's* Shore,
The Lands with glitt'ring Nations cover'd o'er!
Here, great in Arms, confederate Kings appear,
And Provinces combin'd excite the War.
There *Jabin's* Sons their shining Ranks display,
And Iron Chariots crowd the dusty way.
High o'er the rest, and gorgeous as a God,
Firm in his Seat the proud Destroyer rode.
Fatal he rode, around his dazling Head
High Heav'n did all its baleful Influence shed.
All hideous in his Shield did Death appear,
And heavy on his Helm sat horrid Fear.
Each Star sinister to his Aims appear'd,
And dreadful in its Orb each luckless Planet glar'd.
My Mind afresh reviews the bloody Day,
How the Car rattles! how the Coursers neigh!
Shields jostle Shields, large lengths of distant ground
With clashing Swords and clatt'ring Arms resound.

Kishon

DEBORAH *and* BARAK.

78

Kisbon beheld the Shock, and backward fled,
Hiding in Reeds his Blood-distained Head.

While down the Stream plum'd Crests, and burnish'd Gold,

Chariots, and Helms, and Arms, and slaughter'd Warriours rowl'd.

Curse, *Curse ye Meroz*: an unusual weight
Of Vengeance sieze her, and a Coward's Fate.

Who basely fled the Dangers of the War,

And in th' Almighty's Cause refus'd to dare.

But how, O *Jael*, shall my Thoughts get free
To speak the Fullness of my Soul for thee?

Blest above Women shall the Heroine be.

I faint, I die, the thirsty Warriour said,

Give me, O *Jael*, charitable Maid,

Give me some Water, and compleat thine Aid.

She

She with new Milk fills high the frothy Bowls,
A Lordly Dish delicious *Butter* holds:
Grateful he bows : He bows, he falls, he lies :
He bows, he falls, and where he falls he dyes.
 Weltring in Blood the mighty Ruins lay,
 Transfix'd inglorious, and a Woman's Prey.

Not far from hence where *Iabin's Domes*
 arise,

And *Harosbeth's* high Tow'rs invade the Skies,
 There the Destroyer's Mother kept her State,
 Around the Dame the *Canaan Ladies* wait :
 There from the Battlements she oft look'd down
 To see th' expected Triumphs of her Son.
 Aloud she cries, why is my Child so far?
 What Crowds of Captives tire the Conqueror's
 Car?
Has he not sped? — Now, now the Banners fly,
 The Shouts of Victors rend the distant Sky,
 And the loud Clarions speak the Triumphs nigh :

The

DEBORAH *and* BARAK.

9

The chearful Soldiers now divide the Spoils,
 And *Idumean* Damsels crown their Toils.
 But to my *Sisera* a greater Share;
 The proudest and the fairest of the War,
 To him shall yield up her unwilling Charms,
 Pant in his strong Embrace, and fill my Hero's
 Arms.

And when his Labours and his Toils are o'er,
 And the big Voice of War is heard no more,
 Then shall the Fair-one with incessant Care
 Weave him Tiara's, and adorn his Hair.

Mistaken Dame, thy Son is now no more,
His Labours and his Wars indeed are o'er.
 Yet shall no *Female Hand* adorn his Hair,
 By *Female Hand* low lies your Conqueror,
 And the rude *Iron Nail* prevents the *Needles Care.*
 So let thy Foes, O God, to Dust descend,
 And feel the Vengeance of thy red Right-hand.

C

But

But let the Righteous still adore thy Name,
Compleat their Conquests, and enlarge their Fame:
Like the Meridian Sun exalt their Praise,
Swift as his rapid Course, and glorious as his
Rays.

A
PARAPHRASE
UPON THE
Lamentation of DAVID
OVER
SAUL
AND
JONATHAN.
A
Pindarick P O E M.

PARAPHRASE

UPON THE

Lamentation of DAVID

OVER

SAMUEL



AND

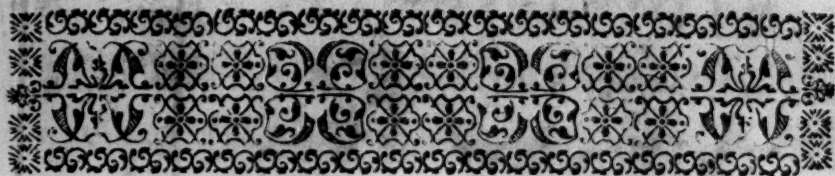
JONATHAN

A

Pindarick POEM

The ARGUMENT.

David, being just return'd victorious from the Amalekites, meets a young Man, who, among the rest of the Army of Israel, had fled from before the Philistines. The Man (as he was best able) gives him the whole Account of the Battle, and Defeat: and closeth his Narration with the Deaths of Saul and Jonathan: The first of which, he said, had dyed by his Hand: And at the same Time offers to David the Royal Ornaments, which he had taken from Saul: The King, struck with the Horror of the Action, commanded the Murtherer to be slain, and himself lamented over Saul and Jonathan with this Lamentation.



David's Lamentation
 OVER
SAUL
 AND
JONATHAN.

2 Samuel, Chap. I.

I.



Sad and melancholy Tale

My mournful Muse reveal :

Take up the Harp, which, whilom strung
 In better Musick, sung

Saul,

SAUL and JONATHAN. 15

Saul, conquering *Saul*, victorious from the Field,
The Captive Spear, and Hostile Shield,
And adverse Nations taught to yield.
Now in a lower Strain
Sing the Victor slain.

On *Gilboa's* accursed Mount he dies,
And drench'd in vulgar Blood the Lord Anointed
lies.

II.

Curfed, for ever curfed be the Ground,
Let nothing e'er on *Gilboa* be found:
Nothing but unfruitful Sands,
Dreary Wastes, and lonely Lands.

Let never Dews or dropping Rains
Descend upon the desert Plains:
Save only that, which needs must fall
From thy Eyes, O *Israel*.

Let

Let nought be heard around the savage Coasts,
 But dismal Yells, and Screams of glaring Ghosts.
 For there the Mighty fell, there *Saul* was slain:
 Lo there the Mighty fell, there fell my *Jonathan*.

III.

Stop, Fame, thy swift Career,
 Nor the dire Tidings bear
 To hostile Lands, let not *Philistia* hear.
 Through *Israel* bend thy Way,
 From distant *Dan* to *Beerseba*,
 There say that *Saul* lies slain
 Unburied on the Plain.

It will not be! Regardless of my Cries,
 Fraught with the News, busy *Demon* flies:
 Yet oh forbear to blend the Truth with lies.
 If thou wilt speak him Dead, I charge thee tell,
 How great! How worthy of himself he fell!

SAUL and JONATHAN.

171

So shall triumphant *Askelon* cease her Joys,
And *Gath* shall blush at her own Victories.

IV.

Methinks I hear the clashing Spear,
The neighing Steed the ratling Car,
And all the glorious dreadful Din of War!

See where my *Friend*, see where my Father shines!

See they break th' imbattled Lines!

Prance o'er Heaps Themselves have slain!

Thunder in Arms, and shake the dusty Plain.

But ah! what's that attracts my daz'led Eyes?

Is't *Israel*, or *Philistia* flies?

Too sure 'tis *Israel*! see the Monarch stand!

Waving his yet conquering Hand:

See him in vain his flying Troops command.

In vain, in vain he cries,

Stay, *Israel*, treacherous *Israel*, stay;

D

Swift

Swift as the Winds regardless *Israel* flies;

Swift as the Winds that bore his Words away.

Echo, as aſham'd to ſee

Israel from *Philiftia* flee!

From diſtant Hills the *Monarch's* Voice doth ſound,

And, *Israel*, ſtay; the Plains thro' which they fled
rebound.

V.

Amidſt the Thickeſt ran

The Great undaunted *Jonathan*;

And ſcorn'd once more

To conquer Armies not alone,

As he had done before.

My Friend, my *Jonathan*,

Stay; I conjure thee ſtay;

Too valiant Youth, ah whither wilt thou run?

Throw not thine Own, and Mine, and *Israel's* Life
away.

Alas!

SAUL and JONATHAN. 19

Alas! in vain our Cries!

Swift as his Fate he flies!

He fights, he falls, he dies.

Stay there my Muse: for who can tell

The Rage and Grief that on the *Monarch* fell?

When he beheld his bravest Troops repell'd,

And *Israel's* Sons inglorious quit the Field.

His *Jonathan* with Foes compass'd round,

Gasping in Dust, and Panting on the Ground.

Dying himself, he saw him dye,

Nor could he to his Succour hie,

Nor could he fight, nor would he fly.

VI.

All like himself, compos'd, and Great he stood,

And view'd serene the mighty Scene of Blood.

Then be it so, He cries: — My Hour is come,

Thy Will, O God, be done.

Yet shall the Sons of Captor vanquish Saul?

Shall Israel's Monarch by Philistians fall?

That must not be; and thou, my Sword,

Thou, that could'st once thy Thousands slay.

That hast through Armies cut my bloody Way,

Once more assist thy Lord.

He struck, he fell, the Mountain felt his Fall,

From its Foundations *Gilboa* seem'd to groan

Under the mighty Ruins of the Man.

VII.

Trembled *Philistia* as her Troops drew near,

Crowded on either Hand,

They at a Distance stand,

And ev'n in Death the slaughter'd Warrior fear.

Methinks I view their savage Joys,

Methinks I hear their Blasphemies.

Their *Dagon's* Praises sounding,

His

SAUL and JONATHAN. 69.

His Altars blazing round him;

Cease, foolish Men, your Cries,

And vainer Sacrifice

Nor by your selves, nor by your Gods did fall

That wondrous Man, Saul only vanquish'd Saul.

VIII.

Ye mournful Daughters of Jerusalem,

See there your King, ye Mourners, see;

Him whom victorious from his Wars ye've sang,

And mixt your Timbrels with his Trumpets clang.

Whose slaughter'd Thousands ye did once rehearse

In your recording Verse.

See there the poor Remains of that which once was
He.

And Thou, O once my Friend, but now no more,

Lovely, unhappy Jonathan,

If yet Thou'rt mingled with thy Kindred blest,

If

22 *DAVID's Lamentation, &c.*

If yet thy Toils have found eternal Rest;

Look down, look down and see,

How much I mourn for thee,

How much his Friend thy *David* doth deplore.

I am distress'd for Thee, for Thee I mean

Lovely unhappy *Jonathan*.

Mourn, mourn, ye *Solifmean Daughters*, mourn,

With Tears bedew your Prince's Urn.

How are the Mighty fall'n! Great *Saul* is slain:

How are the Mighty fall'n! Dead is my *Jonathan*.

THE

Prayer of *Solomon*

AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

TEMPLE

THE

Prayer of Solomon

AT THE

DEDICATION

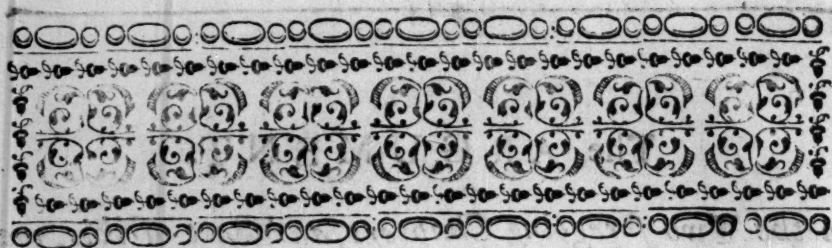
OF THE

TEMPLE

The ARGUMENT.

In the Two foregoing Chapters, and Part of this, we have a very remarkable Piece of Jewish Antiquity. The Sixth and Seventh contain a large and exact Description of the Temple, and this of the Ceremonies at its Dedication.

The Ark was first in a most solemn manner brought into the Temple; attended by the Priests, and other proper Officers; and whole Hecatombs of Sheep and Oxen sacrificed before it. After which it was placed under the Wings of the Cherubim, in the Holy of Holiest: Which pious Ceremonies were so pleasing to God, that He confirm'd His Approbation of them by a Miracle; for a Cloud and the Glory of the Lord fill'd the whole Place. Then Solomon Blessing the whole Congregation, turning his Face towards the Altar, and spreading forth his Hands to Heaven, began the following Prayer,



THE
Prayer of Solomon
 AT THE
 Dedication of the TEMPLE.

1 *Kings*, Chap. viii. Ver. 23.



Y Thee, eternal God of Truth, I Reign,
 By Thee at length I've rais'd this spacious
 Fane,

Which *David* oft had *vow'd*, but *vow'd* in vain.

The Royal *David*, my victorious Sire,

Deckt in emblazon'd Arms, and Wars Attire:

ERT

Inur'd

Inur'd to Blood, and hostile Cruelty,
Was not thought fit to build an House for Thee:
Or on thy sacred Altars to expand
A Peaceful Off'ring, with a Warrior's Hand.
Yet I, his Son, thou vow'dst, should build thine House,
O God of Truth, well hast thou paid thy Vows.

*Hear then, thou Holiest, God of Abraham, hear,
From thine eternal Mansions bend thine Ear,
And thine eternal Mansions leave, and deign
t' inhabit here.*

I'm lost in Thought! can then th' Immortal deign
To dwell on Earth, to dwell with mortal Men?
Can This (*built with our Hands*) this Structure hold
Him, from whose Hands eternal Worlds have rowl'd?
Can the Divinity inhabit here?

Whom not the Earth, nor wide surrounding Air,
Not all those Regions serve for an Abode,
Not Heav'n itself contains the all-expanded God.

Yet O descend, *Thou God of Abraham bear,*
From thine eternal Mansions bend thine Ear,
 And make this Dwelling thy peculiar Care.

When Adversaries shall each other vex,
 And mutual Strifes the doubtful Truth perplex.
 When trembling Both approach thy awful Fane,
 And Both by sacred Oaths their Cause-maintain.

Then do thou bear, O God of Abraham, bear,
From thine eternal Mansions bend thine Ear.
 Judge the Wrong-doer, and the Guiltless clear.

If e'er, with Sins oppress'd, this guilty Land
 Fall by the Sword, and feel a Tyrant's Hand.
 If they must drag a haughty Victor's Car,
 And smart beneath the Iron Rods of War.

Yet, O when they shall suppliant feel their Shame,
 Fall at thine Altars, and invoke thy Name.

Then do thou bear, O God of Abraham, bear,
From thine eternal Mansions bend thine Ear.

Forgive their Trespas, and receive their Pray'r.

When

Dedication of the TEMPLE.

29

When Heav'n with-holds its seasonable Rains,
And Famine dire bestrides the parched Plains.
When round the Wastes the wistful Hind shall stare,
Curse his own Toils, and unsuccessful Care.

If then repentant they approach thy Shrine,

And sadly deprecate the Wrath Divine:

*Then do thou bear, O God of Abraham, bear,
From thine eternal Mansions bend thine Ear,
And bless with fruitful Show'rs the teeming Year.*

When foreign Men from distant Nations come,
And Gazing enter this Imperial Dome,
(For thou to distant Nations shalt be known.)

When o'er thine Altars *Gentile* Hands they raise,
And in a Tongue unknown exalt thy Praise.

*Then do thou bear, O God of Abraham, bear,
From thine eternal Mansions bend thine Ear :
And let ev'n distant Lands thy Blessings share.*

When *Israel's* Sons an hostile Act design,
And great in Arms their crested Warriors shine ;

If

If unto Thee, *the Lord of Hosts*, they pray,
And from thy Hands expect the doubtful Day.

*Then do thou hear, O God of Abraham, hear,
From thine eternal Mansions bend thine Ear :*
Go with their Armies forth, and lead their Hosts
to War.

But if thy sacred Justice hath decreed,
That for their Sins the stubborn ones shall bleed :
If Captives, they must visit foreign Lands,
And tread with toilsome Steps on barbarous
Sands.

Yet then, if then they look with longing Eyes
Back on thy Temple, and their native Skies :

Hear them ev'n then, O God of Abraham, *hear,*
From thine eternal Mansions bend thine Ear,
And smile propitious on thy Suppliants
there.

Then let thy Pow'r, and out-stretcht Arm restore
The wretched Exiles to their native Shore.

Dedication of the **TEMPLE.**

31

As erst of old, thy Wonder-working Hand,
O'er Sands and Seas led forth the chosen Band
From *Goshen's* servile Plains, and *Egypt's* swarthy
Land.

F I N I S.

®

3

Collection of the TEMPLE



As of old, the Word
Of God and Man has led
From Gilead's fertile Plains, and Egypt's Land

FINIS